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# EVENING BULLETIN

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## THE EVENING BULLETIN.

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Ruinart.....	3,136
Perrier Jouet.....	3,286
Irroy & Co.....	1,785
Vve. Clicquot.....	2,378
Bouche Sec.....	992
Delbeck & Co.....	728
St. Marceaux.....	334
Krug & Co.....	270
Chas. Heidsieck.....	355
Various.....	5,419
Total.....	81,859

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## DANIEL LOGAN'S LETTERS.

### TWO MAGNIFICENT FOUNTAINS OF FIRE ON MOKUAWEOWEO.

The Trip to the Summit of Mauna  
Loa and a Description of the  
Great Lake of Fire.

VOLCANO HOUSE,  
April 30, 1896.

The expedition to the crater of Mokuaweeweo returned here at 3:30 this evening, having left there at 8 o'clock this morning. This is remarkably good traveling, as more than half the distance is over probably the roughest trail in the world for the distance. We were six and a half hours in the saddle the first stage.

Leaving the Volcano House on Tuesday morning at 6:30 o'clock, the party reached Ainapo, a branch dairy station of the Hawaiian Agricultural Company, at 10 o'clock, the distance being fifteen miles. Julian Monsarrat, manager of the ranch, who had sent a guide and horses to the Volcano House, here joined the party as conductor, together with Mrs. Graham previously mentioned, George W. Paty of Pahala, and six natives, two of them guides and four helpers, including a young native woman named Wai-kula. Mr. Monsarrat serves a substantial lunch of meats, bread and butter, and the richest of milk.

Ainapo is left at 11 a. m., and the mountain climb is fairly begun. It is always up, excepting a comparatively level forest tract of about two miles wide. A halt is made at a water hole called Ani-peahi, the elevation being 5800 feet, or 1800 feet above the level of the Volcano House. Here the animals are refreshed, it being the last place where they can get water. Water for drinking and cooking had been taken on the pack animals. The march is resumed at 1:40, the trail becoming comparatively rugged. Kepuka-kina, where we are to camp for the night, is reached at 3 p. m. The elevation is given by Messrs. Dodge and Baldwin, who have aneroid barometers, as 8500 feet. The temperature on arrival is 51 degrees Fahrenheit and steadily descending as the evening wore on. Mr. Monsarrat about two years ago built a cabin 14 ft. x 10 ft. for the shelter of tourists. A tent 14 ft. x 12 ft. is unpacked and pitched for the ladies and retinue. Members of the party give themselves exercise by gathering fagots to build a fire outdoors, which is soon a cheery blaze very agreeable in the chill air. Two of the native men had fallen back with a gun to get some fresh beef. So keen were all appetites, however, that the party attack the cold victuals with positive voracity, washing them down with hot coffee from the camp fire. It had been voted unanimously that the fresh beef, when it came, would go well for supper.

Most of the party, up to night-fall stuck to the shelter of the cabin, but, when they observed the solid comfort of two or three reclining on the lava hummocks with their feet to the fire there was hustling for front seats. There were only a few front seats and those who could

not get them stood to receive the comforting radiated heat. All thought of the hardships of the morning, as well as of the fatigue of the past day, is dissipated in social pleasantries. The two outlanders, Dr. Dille and Mr. Phillips made themselves agreeable by their contributions to the sociality. Julian added not a little to the companionable character of the circle by his breezy good humor.

Just at dusk the natives come cantering up, their beasts laden with the choicest part of a cow they had shot. The preparation of the supper was extremely interesting to all who had never before seen camp cookery. Long strips of meat were twined spirally around sticks and held over the living flames by the natives. Broad slabs of ribs were placed right in the fire, and steaks were fried in the best dairy butter upon skillets. With hot coffee, boiled sweet potato, corn heated in the can, paiai and cooked taro, the supper was one that would have been relished even by palates not excited by keen mountain air and a fatiguing day's ride. After supper the circle about the fire reorganized and some time was spent in sociable small talk and friendly banter, while watching the glare of the volcano far overhead, as reflected in great banks of clouds rolling over the summit.

be broken by a fresh sally. Before permanent stillness reigned one at least of the sleepers gave occasion for volleys of wit by his stertorous snoring. By miscalculation of space a lot of luggage was left piled in a corner, so that the writer, who had tarried long toasting his shins at the fire, found his sleeping reservation so attenuated that he had either to coil up or encroach on the territory of his antipodes. Added to this cause of discomfort there was a mean draught under the door playing its deadly influence upon him. Awaking from an unsound nap at 11:30 to realize utter misery, he rudely forced the door open against the resistance of a stout pair of legs in heavy riding boots, and took an hour and a half of comfort reclining on a rock with feet to the fire. Incidentally he took the reading of the thermometer hung on the end of the house, a duty that had been facetiously assigned to him at the time of retiring. It was 44 degrees, but the early risers just before sunrise found it had dropped two degrees. Incidentally, also, was enjoyed a magnificent view of the reflection from the crater. Words would fail to describe the splendor of the scene. The massive clouds were rolling over the summit, assuming constantly changing shapes on which the fiery glow shed the most gorgeous

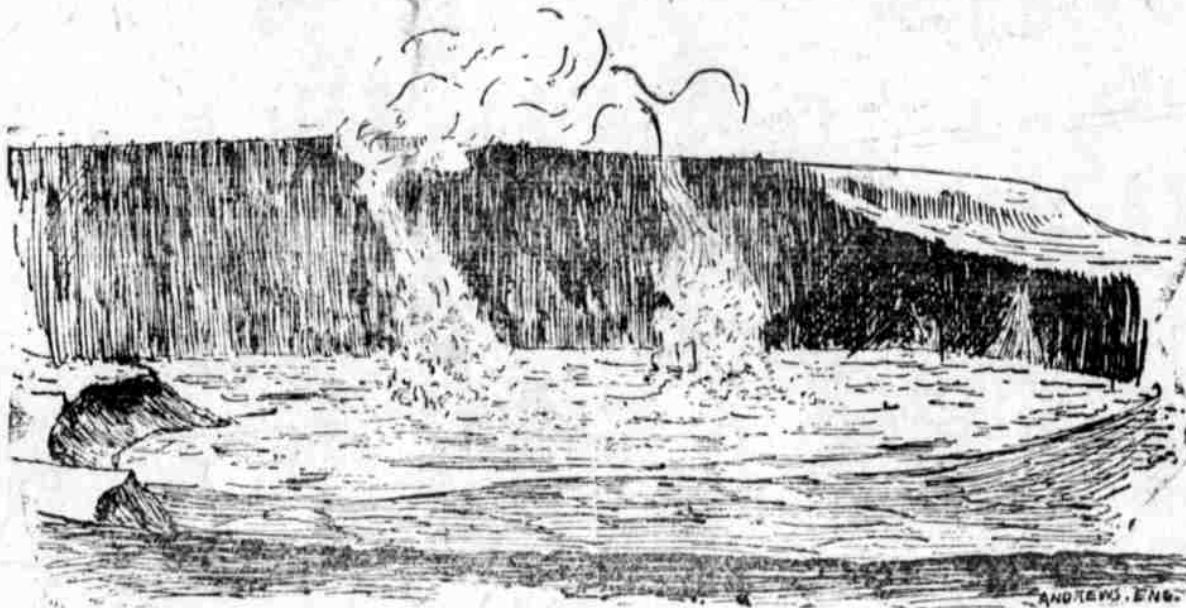
"rugged trail." Unless some other term can be invented for this day's march, the former remark must be reserved for it. Soon after leaving camp we cross an aa flow. It is the Alpha and Omega of a shower of stone fences treated with earthquakes after striking. The trail is upstairs too, the horse often having to ascend his own height within his length of distance. Then on to pahoehoe and aa—upstairs always excepting some sharp descents to get around huge hummocks. A sea of hills on the face of a mountain. It should be stated, for the benefit of those who do not know that pahoehoe is smooth running lava when cooled, having a shiny black crust from which its name in Hawaiian is derived. The same term is used for satin by the natives; while aa is product ejected from volcanoes which looks exactly like foundry and forge clinkers, and it also flows but much slower than pahoehoe and with a rolling motion.

It is marvelous how these cattle-driving horses get over these seas of lava. Besides the climbing up and down, they have to pick their steps often along ridges, not more than three inches wide, with fearful slopes on either side, turn corners so sharp that their bodies have to bend laterally, and evade jutting rocks so close to the trail that the rider has to raise his

too light to sting, than a regular blizzard of snow. The sensation is rather exhilarating than otherwise, five days out from the warm air of Honolulu. But what a marvel of a country! The air below is clear enough to see the luxuriant tropical growth of sugar cane at Pahala from the edge of a snow storm in April that would not do discredit to November in the Northern States or Canada. Off we go again and carry the snowstorm with us a long way up. There is yet more than four thousand feet, or nearly the height of four Punchbowl's to ascend. At the next resting place the storm is over, but it has left enough snow for a snowballing match.

After a while the horizon is marked every few hundred yards by a precipitous and jagged ridge, giving a delusive appearance of the summit being thus near. At last the crowning ridge is surmounted, but the journey is by no means over. We have to go down hill now a little way, and there is nothing but a small extent of rocks below and the sky above to be seen. Rocks, and aa at that, of the coarsest kind. Once only do we get a glimpse of the smoke from the crater, then a blinding snow storm beats unpiteously on our faces, thickening the rare atmosphere so that we have to keep close together to prevent anyone losing himself. It seems we are riding out into space, until a pole with nothing but the storm beyond is seen. As there has not been a sign of vegetation for a thousand feet down, nor a single evidence of man's hand excepting artificial piles of stone on the summit to mark the way, this pole has significance. Passing it a few yards the foremost riders halt and give a cheer. They have reached a jumping off place, the margin of a precipice formed as of masonry without mortar, for several rods in a straight line. As they cheer they point into the snow storm beyond the brink, and a flame of fire is seen dimly through the drift. It seemed as if we should have to wait for some time before getting a clear view of the volcano now that we had got to it through no slight hardship. While peering into the white veil we become sensible that the sudden cessation of riding exercise had made us susceptible of feeling the wintry blasts very severely. There is no shelter above the level of the wilderness of rock, and there has not been time yet to pitch the tent. But there is shelter from the pitiless winter below the level. It is in a crack in the rocks two yards from the verge of the precipice. Into this we huddle, it being deep enough to protect all but the head.

In a few minutes the storm subsides and the curtain over the crater becomes gradually transparent. It had looked as if the feeble-looking flame first seen was part of but a tame volcanic display that needed clouds above it to give it grandeur through their capacity of reflecting light in glorious images. As the screen dissipated there were sudden cries of delighted astonishment at what was revealed. About half way across the crater a fountain of fire was throwing a crimson and golden spray high in the air. It was an upward cataract of spire shaped masses, describing graceful curves as they descended in golden shower. They carried up with them black fragments in fearful velocity, tossing them off in parabolic lines. There was one spire that shot up higher than the others, which diminished in size according to distance from it, the farthest one out resembling a small gushing spring. At the base of the fountain the molten lava of deepest crimson surged and boiled with an angry roar like a strong surf on the beach. The height of the spray was changing constantly, but there was never an instant of intermission in its action. Its impetus was tremendous, the thousands of jets being driven up with more than rocket speed. Before the cloud



Mokuaweeweo, the Great Summit Crater, as it is at Present.

(From a Sketch by D. Howard Hitchcock.)

Then, at early bedtime, blankets were served out, a heavy double one being allotted to every man. The hotel was none too large for the guests, who lay down close together, in boots, overcoats and rain coats—one long row athwart the length of the room, and two short rows, feet toward feet, in the other direction. It may be interesting to know that some of the party, at the cheerful fireside of the Volcano House to-night, have confessed to having worn four shirts for the excursion. It may illustrate the proverbial poverty of editors to admit that the BULLETIN representative only wore three shirts and three suits of leg raiment. Much as sleep might have been desirable to fortify the travelers for the hardships of the morning, it was long before slumber was permitted to hold sway over all of them. The funny men of the party kept up an intermittent play of badinage, and intervals of quiet of increasing length would

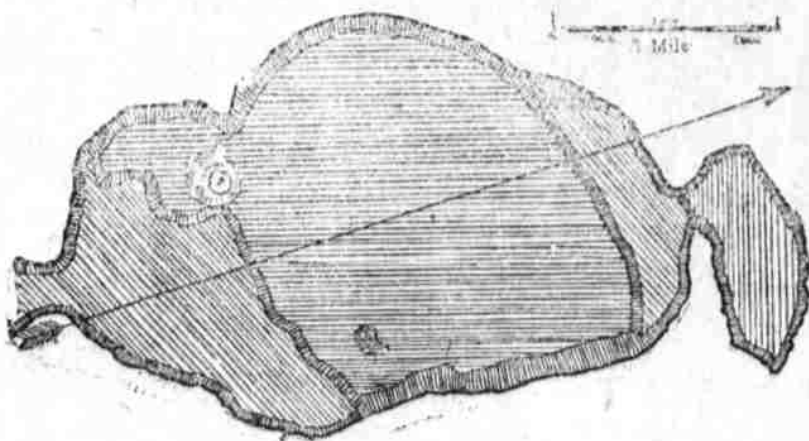
glory. One cloud looked like the head of the Sphinx with an old-fashioned head-dress. Now and then spire-shaped clouds would slowly rise straight up, shining like gold until they merged with the upper masses. I wanted to call out Artist Hitchcock, but could not without danger of lynching for creating a disturbance.

In conformity with Conductor Monsarrat's decree early rising was the rule, and several were at the camp fire before the sunrise. And what a sunrise! It may be cruelly asserted that this witness has not seen many sunrises. But he has seen a few good ones. For instance, when he arose betimes on Block Island in Long Island Sound one morning, for the especial purpose of seeing old Sol roll up out of the sea. And it was a grand success. But this sunrise on Mauna Loa beggared the very few sunrises I have seen out of the nearly sixteen thousand that I might have seen, if all had been cloudless, and all the description of poets and painters that have come before me. It was a vast rosy sea laving the strand of a continent of gold. The idea of infinite distance in the perspective was overwhelming. In the outline of this celestial world, so accurate were the shapes, a teacher could impart a knowledge of geographical terms. There was a great bay, a sharply defined cape, a vast plain fading into infinity. In coloring there was the finest California gold, the deepest crimson, shadings of jet black, roseate hues and whitest silver. I hate gush myself, but the foregoing sketch is very subdued fact.

Saddles at 8 a. m. Wednesday for the terrible climb to the summit. Somewhere I think I said

foot from the stirrups to avoid having it bruised. I thought I could do justice to equine mountain climbers from having ridden one over the serrated ridge of the Waianae range on Oahu, but that experience was a trifle compared with that of the ascent and descent of Mauna Loa. It would be impossible to find horses that could discount Monsarrat's on this expedition. They are not plugs; either, in the common parlance, but shapely, well-built animals of good size, which no resident of Honolulu need be ashamed of riding through the streets. The white horse I rode only stumbled once in the journey both ways, and no shame to him. It was in taking a downward step of fully eighteen inches from the edge of a shattered mound upon a crevice of loose rocks between that and a lower ledge. The cavalcade winds with slow but sure steps between, and sometimes over the crest of hills from ten to thirty feet above the level of the intervening valleys. Sometimes one cannot see the third or fourth rider ahead of him. It is a marvel even how a trail could have been picked out in this awful wilderness of rocks.

From far up the side of the mountain the crater of Kilauea, smoking with great vigor, the Puna and Kau coasts and their silver rim of breakers, to South Point, and the Pahala and adjacent plantations, are seen like a map spread at our feet. One of our rests is taken where this can be seen, at an elevation of 9600 feet. Here a cloud flying from the northward along the face of the mountain reaches us. It brings first snow in feathery flakes, then hail of a small grain



MOKUAWEOWEO IN 1874.

(The small spot represents the crater at that time)

Continued on 5th Page.